THE

MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Five Points House of Industry.

Terms, One Dollar per Year.

Vol. XX. DECEMBER, 1876. No. 8.

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SEYMOUR DURST

Five Points House of Industry.

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Day-School—Every week-day, Saturday excepted, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

Sunday-School—At 2 o'clock P.M.

Children's Service—Every Sunday at 3 1-2 o'clock P.M.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to pay over to the Trustees of the Five Points House of Industry, in the city of New York, (incorporated A.D. 1854,) or its Treasurer for the time being, the sum of dollars, to be applied to the uses thereof.

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EDITED BY W. F. BARNARD, SUPERINTENDENT.

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CHRISTMAS NOTICE.

THE Merry Christmas Day will be observed this year, as usual, at the House of Industry. The children are already having visions of the good things of this red-letter day. It is specially a day of gladness to little people, and who of us older ones has forgotten the bright anticipations of this season of joy? Waking and finding stockings filled with presents from good St. Nicholas, whose night visit to the top of the house, in his miniature sleigh with reindeers, and his bounding down the chimney with his pack of goodies, always a wonderful story, was a sensation never to be forgotten, and one which we are all glad to have the children of to-day realize by actual experience. We shall have services in our chapel at half-past one o'clock, and as a great many of our patrons have festivals at their own churches we shall not probably be as crowded as on Thanksgiving-day. We shall erect, as usual, the stately tree so suggestive of wonderful fruit, and we should be glad if our friends would help us give each child a memorial of the day. Toys, books, and gifts of anything which children like, will be most acceptable. The services in the chapel will consist of carols, hymns, solos, and recitations, and will last about an hour and a half. After services the children will have dinner in the play-ground.

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THE OLD-NEW STORY.

Tell me a story, mamma,
A story that is new;
Of the very first Christmas and Christmas toy
That ever was given a baby boy,—
Please tell me a story true.

It was my darling baby,
That had climbed to his mamma's breast,
Leaving Christmas toys in the hearth's bright glow,
Excepting a lamb, with a fleece like snow,
That he begged might with him rest.

So I told him an old, old story,
That yet is ever new,
As I rocked him to sleep in the warm firelight
My baby that papa calls "Eye-bright"—
I told him a story true.

THE STORY

Away in the Land of the Morning,
Over the seas away,
Where the lilies dotted the meadows green,
And the starlight made a silver sheen
That was almost like the day.

Were gathered the little lambkins,
That, like you, tired of play,
By their mamma's side had cuddled to sleep,
While the gentle shepherds their watch did keep
Over them till the day.

When, lo! there came unto them
An angel of the Lord;
And his glorious shining, as noonday bright,
They feared, till they heard the angel of light
Speak this peaceable word.

"To you is born in the city,
A Saviour—a Christ—a King:
If ye seek, ye shall find him in swaddling-clothes
In a manger laid," and then arose
A song that made heaven ring.

"Glory to God in the highest,
Earth—peace: to men, good will,"
Then the angel singers went out of their sight,
And the stars came trembling into the night;
The lambs by their mothers lay still.

As the angel said, the shepherds
In a manger found him laid,
Who the very first Christmas brought, and joy
To all who live, to my darling boy;
Yes, presents to him were made.

Three shepherds kings in the East-land,
Who loved the starry skies,
Saw a new star break through the clouds of night,
It drew them on with its wondrous light,
For they said, "'Tis The Star that should rise.'

And they followed it on toward the sunset,—
They had read the prophets well,—
Till they came to the court of Herod the king;
Though they had not heard the angels sing,
They asked his seers to tell.

"Where is He who is born to the kingdom,
To David's throne and state?
We have followed His star from the farthest east
To the city that no more is 'the least,'
To worship the only Great."

But Herod the king was wicked
He hated the baby boy
It was well that his seers could not tell the way,
But the wise men sought and found where He lay,
For the star led them on full of joy,

Till it rested above the manger,
And shone on the face of the boy;
Then the kings low knelt to the infant King,
They opened their treasures and forth did bring—
"Mamma! a Christmas toy?"

Most precious gifts and royal
Myrrh, frankincense, and gold;
'Twas the very first Christmas and Christmas toy
That ever came to a baby boy:
"'Night, mamma! my lammie I'll hold."

He was fast asleep, my darling!
Holding his lamb to his breast,
Holding mine, of the Christmas Giver I pray
Best gifts for my darling through all life's day
And after, Eternal Rest.

—*Mary L. Sherman, in Work and Play*

DUPES, indeed, are many; but of all dupes, there is none so fatally situated as he who lives in undue terror of being duped.

SMALL-TALK.—Startling discovery of a little three-year-old—"Why, pa, there's a hole in your hair!"

THANKSGIVING.

We have not the pen of the ready-writer, else we should be able to describe our festival with much more vividness than we can now do, for we know that even the most facile writer could not overstate the picture and experience here. We were somewhat in doubt as to the success of our annual appeal, the complications arising from the uncertain result of the presidential election, bringing, as it did, for awhile, the fear of another civil war, added to the general dullness of business which has continued for so many months, combined to make the outlook rather dark. However, we determined to make calculations as usual, and so we gave out the assurance that we would give the annual dinner to whoever chose to come. We made the purchases a little larger than usual and into the highways and hedges the invitation went out—there was no necessity to compel the guests to come in, for they came trooping about our Institution long before we were ready to serve them. At twelve o'clock the children took their places on the gallery, in the chapel, and, as some of our friends asserted, there was never a prettier sight. Now, be it known, dear friends, that we think there are no better behaved or nicer looking children, on the whole, than our three hundred boys and girls, and when our thoughts are corroborated by the testimony of impartial witnesses, we confess we take considerable pride on their account. Well, they looked and behaved on the gallery admirably, and with singing and recitations they occupied an hour. At one o'clock we had the dinner in the play-room. The large room was filled with spectators who came to enjoy the sight. A large plate full of turkey, vegetables, and apple-sauce was quickly devoured, and then a generous piece of mince pie. brought up the rear. And such a good time as the children had! Soon after two o'clock the chapel was thronged—it was literally people everywhere, every chair, bench, and settee was filled, while a large number were not able to find anything but standing room, and some went away unable to get in. Mr. Theodore E. Perkins, whose name is a familiar one in connection with Sunday-school music, presided at the piano, and the children sang Root's Cantanta of the *Flower Queen*. We think no such singing was ever heard in our chapel before, and that is saying a good deal. The solos, duetts, and choruses were rendered very finely, and,

although the piece occupied nearly an hour, our little people went through it with ease and concluded amidst the applause of the audience. Great credit is due Mr. Perkins, who has special adaptation for teaching music, and the success of the *Flower Queen* attested his popularity with our children. We are also indebted to Miss Hattie S. Greenwood, whose voluntary services at the piano were very acceptable and appreciated. After the *Flower Queen* we had a dialogue entitled *Mother Goose's Party*, which introduced some of the old-time nursery favorites—Jack Horner, Tommy Tucker, Miss Muffet, Jack and Jill, Betty with her fresh-laid eggs, and old Mother Goose, with appropriate music, the children singing the nursery rhymes. The little girls spoke pieces well.

As soon after two o'clock as possible the doors were opened for the outside crowd, who had been so long waiting. They were marshalled into line by the police, and admitted to the room ninety at a time. In the room Mr. Talcott and Mrs. Barlow (the widow of one of our predecessors, who has spent twenty Thanksgiving-days at the House of Industry) with assistants, arranged the tables and saw that everything was done as decently and in order as could well be. The people came—men, women, and children—un il it seemed there was no end. That the most of them were really hungry was evident from the ravenous manner in which they ate. Food disappeared as if by magic, and the sight was really affecting. Many looked as if they had seen better days, while some were old and decrepit. One man said he was eighty-one years old. We kept open doors until we were satisfied that all who had not been fed were supplied and then counted up 1,101 as the whole number of meals given to the outsiders, which with the number given to the children and women swelled the total to more than 1500.

We used more than 1000 lbs. of turkey and chicken, besides 150 lbs. roast pork, 15 bbls. vegetables, 420 gallons tea and 400 pies. That the workers here went to bed that night fully tired out needs hardly to be added.

We append notices from some of the city papers:

At the Five Points House of Industry there were the ordinary Thanksgiving exercises. The great feature of the day was the children's festival. The House supports constantly nearly 300 children, besides giving temporary assistance

and instruction to many others. Yesterday there were nearly 400 children in its chapel, from very little ones wondering what it all meant, to children of 13 or 14 who took an intelligent interest in the proceedings. The youngest children were withdrawn early to their Thanksgiving dinner. The elder ones remained, taking apparently a keen interest in the exercises, which consisted mainly of music, until they were marched to their great dinner of the year. The music was somewhat complicated in its character for children, but was given very well. The chapel was crowded during the exercises, and at the end the visitors overrun the whole building, while the children eat. The children are not all white. They seemed, especially the boys, full of youth and fun. The House reports for the year more than 1,000 sheltered, nearly 500,000 meals given away, 3,700 articles of clothing and 1,400 pairs of shoes given, but $9,000 of debt. One of the amusing features of the day was the outside crowd. A free dinner is always given on Thanksgiving day to all who come, and always there is a great crowd, very ragged, very good humored, and very full of fun, waiting outside. The Cerberus at the door yesterday was repeatedly evaded by anxious diners, but in good humor and not at all savage, he put on hard looks to force back the crowd. Inside, those who escaped him were met by a lady, and at her simple word marched back to meet the laugh of their companions and wait again until their turn came. In all about 1,500 persons obtained a Thanksgiving dinner at this institution.—*New York Tribune.*

HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

The exercises at the House of Industry, in Worth street, were held in the chapel and were largely attended. They were begun at twelve o'clock, and consisted chiefly of singing by the children, and such other amusements as might best minister to their enjoyment. After an hour had been passed pleasantly in this way dinner was served in the play-room. Some 350 inmates were provided for, and it is needless to say that they enjoyed their repast greatly. They were then entertained with further exercises for about an hour, and for two hours later the out-door poor were the especial care of the managers. The day passed off pleasantly and the charity of the institution was largely distributed.

—*New York Herald.*

"I'LL PAY YOU FOR THAT."

A HEN trod on a duck's foot. She did not mean to do it, and it did not hurt her much. But the duck said, "I'll pay you for that!" So the duck flew at the hen; but as she did so her wing struck an old goose who stood close by.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the goose, and she flew at the duck; but as she did so her foot tore the fur of a cat who was just then in the yard.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the cat, and she flew at the goose; but as she did so her tail brushed the eye of a sheep who was near.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the sheep, and he ran at the cat; but as he did so his foot hit the foot of a dog who lay in the sun.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and he ran at the sheep; but as he did so his leg struck an old cow who stood by the gate.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried she, and she ran at the dog; but as she did so her horn grazed the skin of a horse who stood by a tree.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he and he ran at the cow. What a run there was! The horse flew at the cow, and the cow at the dog, and the dog at the cat, and the cat at the goose, and the goose at the duck, and the duck at the hen.

What a noise they made to be sure!

"Hi! hi! What is all this?" cried the man who had the care of them. "I cannot have this noise, you may stay here," he said to the hen. But he drove the duck to the pond, and the goose to the field, and the cat to the barn, and the sheep to her fold, and the dog to his house, and the cow to her yard, and the horse to his stall. "I'll pay you for that!" said the man.—*Nursery.*

NOVEMBER.

THE leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child.

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the Winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest way-side blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are dry and dumb,
But let me tell you, my darling,
The Spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.

—*Alice Cary.*

WINTER.

THE Winter has set in with an earnestness that leaves no doubt of its intention to be a lion. These days when a brisk walk makes the blood mount to one's cheek, if warmly clad, and when nose, and ears, and fingers tingle with cold, are an earnest of colder ones not very far behind. While the fortunate ones gather about the register or encircle the well-filled stove, there are scores who do not know even the luxury of a very little fire, there are little ones who huddle over a grating where possibly some heat may come up from the steam boilers below, or crouch in the entry way to escape the blast of the icy cold wind. Terribly wretched are they who see the wintry days through poverty-stricken sight, and who dread their approach as only those can who have experienced the biting of King Frost in an empty garret or cellar.

We have some now, and shall have more of the little ones, who, but for us would suffer, and we earnestly appeal for the assistance and support which we must have this winter or else diminish our family number. As you look at your own darling, comfortable and happy, don't forget "somebody's darlings" who must be provided for at the Five Points House of Industry.

GEORGE STEPHENSON THE FATHER OF RAILWAYS.

Little George or "Geordy," as the common people nicknamed him, was next employed to drive the horse which turned the winding machine, or "gin, as the colliers called it, at the coalpit where his father worked. He then began to think of a plan for making the steam do the work of the horse, and one day astonished the colliers by building on a bench, in front of his father's cottage, a model in clay of an engine which turned the "gin" and lifted the coal. He was at this time so young and small that his father made him hide when the owner of the coal mine went "the rounds" to pay his hands, for fear he should think him to small to receive sixteen cents a day wages!

It was not until he was nineteen years old, and was set to watch an engine, that he found time to attend school and learn to read and write. He worked steadily at his old idea for twenty-five years; He made the first locomotive with smooth driving-wheels. It had been thought necessary by some engineers to construct locomotives with cogged driving-wheels, and corresponding rack on the rail, to prevent the wheels from slipping. But Stephenson successfully set aside all these contrivances. He was nearly fifty years old before he found men willing to risk their money in constructing an iron railroad to test his locomotive. When, at length, the first railroad was completed, between Stockton and Darlington (two English towns only twelve miles apart), the procession with which that day was celebrated was headed by a man on horseback to keep the road clear for Stephenson's locomotive and car, and ladies and gentlemen on horseback and in carriages kept pace with the train by riding by the side of the track. But after the procession had proceeded a short distance, Stephenson, who was running his own engine, impatiently called to the horseman to get out of the way, and, putting steam on, he ran his locomotive the rest of the distance at the terrible pace of twelve miles an hour!—

DONORS.

We wish we could thank as we would like those persons who have so kindly remembered us. If we could only convey with a pen what we can by personal interview we should be so glad. To the good ladies of sewing societies, the children also who have

sewed for us, the dealers in various goods who have contributed to us, the various persons who have given money in sums ranging from 25 cts to $250, to those who have added kind words of encouragement, to each and all, too numerous to mention each singly, though we have endeavored by mail so to do, we are most heartily and sincerely grateful, and "inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me." God bless and reward you all.

THE PRAYER OF THE POOR FOR THE POOR.

I ASKED for wealth to aid the poor,
Whose pitied wounds I may not heal;
Whose presence I but ill endure,
So helpless is the grief I feel:
When, thus, methought, the Lord replied:
"The world with all its wealth is mine,
My hand of Love, if opened wide,
Would need no trembling aid from thine."

"O! give me wealth," again I said,
"That I may taste the sweet employ
Of giving orphan children bread,
Of filling widowed hearts with joy!"
And knowing well my deep distress,
His pitying voice replied to me,
"The whispered prayer, the wish to bless,
Are all I now require of thee."

Yet once again I dared to sigh:
"The rich who love thy work are few,
Let *me* but pass the needle's eye,
To bear thy gifts securely through:"
The voice replied in accents mild:
"Both good and evil work for Me;
If thou wert rich repining child,
Thou, like the rest, might faithless be.

Mourn less, yet combat more, the ill
Thou didst not cause, and can'st not cure,
Tis thine to bear Thy Father's will,
Tis His to aid the helpless poor.
And e'en in this desponding hour,
Thou feel'st that tis the better part
To have the heart devoid of power,
Than having power to lack the heart.

—*Selected*

MISS WING'S THANKSGIVING.

MISS WING'S kitchen was prim and clean as broom, soap, and soft water could make it; and Miss Wing sat in it, rigid and warlike, before the blackest of stoves, her feet planted firmly on a square of rag carpet.

There was never an atom of dust, or even a skimmer or tin spoon out of place, in that kitchen; for in all the wide world, there was no one or thing that dared to enter without especial permission.

Excepting a few stray sunbeams,—and even they crept in and shimmered on the geraniums in the window as if they hardly dared.

It was Thanksgiving eve, and the faint odor of cranberry tarts and pumpkin pies crept out from the pantry, and gave a sort of festal fragrance to the room, which might have led a stranger to believe that Miss Wing meant to celebrate, and had been preparing for guests. It would have been difficult for her to tell you for whom, however, as all her nearest relations lay up on the hillside, and, driven by her own stern will, "lovers and friends had departed far from her."

The only person living who was at all connected with her, was a poor country

minister, with a John Rogers sort of a family, whose life was a constant struggle to cover the bodies, and satisfy the hunger of the ten healthy, growing children.

We cannot wonder that he sometimes thought of Cousin Selina's age and nice little fortune, that "would go to some one."

Neither can we wonder that in a fit of desperation he wrote and asked her to take his eldest daughter for the winter.

"Let the girl come," said Miss Wing. "I'll make her useful.

So useful, indeed, that Milly Thorne never went to bed at night without seeing ropes of dried apples that she had strung, and acres of tallow candles she had dipped, swimming before her tired eyes.

But all things have an end, and patient little Milly Thorne, worn out with hard work, and despairing of ever finding in Miss Wing that proverbial soft spot which is in every one's heart, packed her little satchel and went back over the hills to the crowded house, the tired mother, and the many children, where there was dearth of everything but love.

So Miss Wing threw away a golden oportunity of crowning her old age with love and happiness.

I think it must have been from force of habit that she had cooked her most golden pumpkin and stuffed her fattest pullet for a solitary Thanksgiving feast.

For it was very certain she would bid no one to share it with her, and still more certain that no one would come unbidden.

For she set her face like a flint against visits from grown up people, and with every child in the village she was at open war.

The meeker ones among them would run if they saw her coming, and not even the bravest dare ask her for a flower, while the lawless and ungoverned ones invented ways to torment her.

One little colored boy especially, whom the children called Caterpillar was the plague of her existence.

His chief amusement was to perch himself upon her white gate post, his rags fluttering in the wind, the battered crown of an old straw hat clinging to his woolly head; and, playing upon an imaginary banjo, sing to an admiring dusky audience collected on the sidewalk,—

"Ten little darkies stannin' in a line."

At first Miss Wing affected a calm indifference which she was far from feeling.

But when it grew to be a regular entertainment it was more then she could endure. So one day, when Caterpillar had just commenced his second stanza,—

"Nine little darkies sitting on a gate,
One ob 'em tumbled off an dar was only eight."—

she made an unexpected assault upon him with a broomstick, tumbled him over on the sidewalk and summarily dispersed his audience.

Nothing daunted, however, Caterpillar picked himself up, shook the hostile dust from his garments, and, retreating to a distance, sang,—

Ole Mam Wing,
Ugly ole ting;
Crack you ober the skull, boys,
Jus coz you wanter sing.

This act of Miss Wing's was taken as an open declaration of war, and peace and quietness were over for her.

The most mysterious things happened to her garden. Tomatoes, that hung ripe and red upon their stems at night, vanished before morning. The onion bed looked as if an army had marhed through it. Melons and green corn walked away together, and the grape vines hung their heads as if mourning the treasures of which they were despoiled.

But those were not the greatest annoyances.

Every night her door-bell rang, moved by some mysterious power.

It was of no use to wait in the hall, open the door suddenly and dive out. There was never anything to be captured but a dirty piece of cord.

One never-to-be-forgotten morning Miss Wing rose from her couch, prepared her solitary breakfsat, then called the cat to get her's.

For the first time in eight years Tabby failed to answer.

She opened the wood-house door in fear and trembling.

There, suspended from a beam by one of Miss Wing's own apron-strings was poor Tabby, stone-dead.

Pinned in the string was a dirty scrap of paper on which was written :

CATEPILERS COMPELMUNTS.

For the first time in many years Miss Wing sat down in a low chair, threw her apron over her head, and wept.

Willingly now would she have held out the white flag if it would only bring back poor puss.

Strange to say, from that very day there was a cessation of hostilities.

Whether it was because they were exhausted and needed rest to think of something new, or wether there was really nothing left for them to do, Miss Wing could not tell.

As days passed on and no fresh mischief was done, she gradually gave up looking for it and possessed her soul in quietness.

And now, as she sat grim and solitary by her kitchen fire except for a vague feeling of bitterness as she looked at Tabby's empty corner, she had almost forgotten Caterpillar.

It was quite a shock to her nerves, therefore, when her door-bell was rung with a violent jerk.

"That imp is at his mischief again," she exclaimed.

The ring was repeated, but she paid no attention to it ; and finally a shuffling irresolute step was heard on the side stoop, followed by a knock on the kitchen door.

"Come in," said Miss Wing, in a most uninviting manner.

The door was opened slowly, and a colored man appeared.

"Is you Miss Wing?" he asked.

"I be.'

"There's a poor little nig up in the settlement, says he want to see you. Folks calls him Caterpillar. Don' know he name?"

"What does the little scamp want of me?"

"He mos' gone, Miss. He done got gallopin' consumption."

"Pity he hadn't galloped off somewhere before he killed my cat. I'd like to trounce him," said she.

The man looked at her a moment, and then said solemnly:

"Missy, dat chile done got somefin on he mind. He axes fur you de whole bressed time; and if you's a Christain woman you'll go dar. Good night, Missy."

Miss Wing shut the door, and sat down again with her knitting.

But somehow the room was not as pleasant as before. The fire didn't burn as c'early, and her chair seemed very uncomfortable.

She couldn't compose her mind. Several very uncomfortable verses of Scripture would force themselves upon her.

In the little church over the way she could hear them practising their anthems for the morrow.

Clearly and distinctly out on the frosty air their voices rang.

Over and over she heard them sing:

"Peace on earth, good will to men."

She knew very well that she felt neither peace or good will.

"I wish they'd stop their noise," she said, as she fidgetted from her chair to the window and back again to the stove.

Still they sang on, louder and clearer, stirring Miss Wing up in an unaccountable manner.

Her better nature was having a terrible struggle with the other; and being much smaller, was in great danger of defeat.

At last she started from her chair, snatched her hood and blanket shawl, and started towards the door. Little better nature had conquered.

Miss Wing hardly knew herself as she stepped out into the frosty night. It was many years since she had visited the sick, or gone out upon an errand of mercy. Such charity as she had given had been like throwing a bone to a dog.

When she reached the tumble-down house where Caterpiller's mother lived and knocked at the door, she heard a shrill voice pipe up:

"Dar she am mammy; mos' know dat's her."

There was a hurrying over the floor, and a noise as if stray articles were being hastily shuffled into their places. Then the door opened and Miss Wing walked in.

"Bless us and save us!" said she.

Bolstered up on a narrow cot was a pitiful heap of skin and bones, all that was left of the mischievous Caterpillar.

He smiled feebly when he saw Miss Wing, and held out a skinny little hand.

"Mos' awful sorry done kill your cat. 'Pears like I couldn't die 'out I tole you."

"Never mind the cat. I 'spose her time had come. What ails you anyhow? Be you hungry?"

He shook his head.

"Nebber any more," he said; "got past dat."

There was a tugging at Miss Selina's rusty old heart strings, and a suspicious, moisture about her spectacles; so, to hide these unaccustomed emotions, she turned fiercely to the mother and demanded:

"Haint you got no better bed nor pillow for that sick child?"

The woman began a long story which Miss Wing cut short by marching out of the door.

"There she's mad!" exclaimed she.

"Nebber mind, mammy," sighed Caterpiller, turning wearily on his pillow, "I feels better."

But Miss Wing was far from being angry as she hurried down the street, and so Caterpiller's mother soon discovered, as the door opened again, and a man carrying a soft single bed entered, closely followed by Miss Wing, herself heavily laden.

"Sit down and take that child in your lap," said she, in a peremptory manner.

The woman meekly obeyed, and seated herself with the wondering boy in her arms.

I don't think Milly Thorne would have believed her eyes if she could have seen her cousin Selina then.

She flew around the room with marvellous celerity, beating up the bed, spreading over lavender-scented sheets and soft blankets, and finishing off with a plump pillow, and a white spread quilted by her own hands.

Caterpillar's delight was unbounded, when, after being clad in a flannel night-gown, he was placed in the soft fragrant bed.

"Like oranges, bub?" asked Miss Wing, as she plunged her hand in her pocket.

Now Caterpillar and oranges had long been strangers, so his eyes glistened with pleasure when a huge yellow one dropped on his bed.

"May as well have this, too; taint no use to me," said she, tossing a tinted picture card on the bed. Then, turning to the mother, she said:

"Them sheets and things is to make the child comfortable as long as he lives; you'll find good vittles in that basket." And out she bounced, leaving Caterpiller and his mother in a confused state of gratitude and bewildment.

The Angel of Mercy had touched Miss Wing's stony heart, and taught her the infinite pleasure of giving. And as some streams, when released from the icy fetters that have bound them, rush on with terrific force, overwhelming and submerging, so Miss Wing, suddenly set free from life-long bondage, yearned to do more for some one else.

So she sent a telegram early next morning, which dropped like a bomb-shell into the little parsonage at Hopewell:

"Bring all the children to dinner; I'll pay the expenses"

There had been a great deal of commotion in that little house before, but never anything equal to that which followed the receipt of this telegram.

Milly's heart misgave her as she washed faces and tied on hoods and tippets, for she felt that nothing less than a miracle could change Cousin Selina.

But after a grand sleigh-ride they found her ready to receive them, dressed in her best black silk and snowy apron, the grim look in her face very much softened.

The little Thornes had never in their lives eaten such a dinner as she had ready for them.

They did everything they pleased, even to eating apples in the parlor and cracking nuts on that shining kitchen floor.

But, best of all, when they were going home she tucked a fifty dollar bill in Mr Thorne's hand, and when he tried to thank her she said :

"Go 'long, Bob Thorne, there's plenty more where that came from."

So "Bob" Thorne went along, rejoicing for the spirit which had moved Miss Wing's heart and given them all such a happy Thanksgiving.

—*Mrs. L. C. Atwood, in New York Observer.*

"MY TEARS ARE CLEAN."

I.

One winter's afternoon upon Broadway
A little lad, disconsolate and cold,
Watched with a frightened face the closing day,
A little lad, of scarcely four years old :—
Footsore and weary, straying unaware,
Lost, lost, mother and home he knew not where

II.

And many a father passed him on the street,
Whose little boys at home were warm and safe :
And many a mother guiding little feet,
Pitied a moment the tired weeping waif.
But no one stayed to soothe his wild alarm,
Or lift him with a kind protecting arm.

III.

Still hurrying homeward went the surging crowd,
And darker got the cold, short winter day ;
From store and *matinee* the gay and proud
Filled with a passing splendor the cold way.
Was there no soul to hush this baby's fears,
And wipe with tender hand his blinding tears?

IV.

Yes, suddenly a woman grave and fair,
In furs and velvets clad—with gems of gold—
Stooped to the child, its little woes to share,
And list the broken story that it told,
Until both wept,—the child in painful fears,
The woman for the hope of buried years.

V.

She held him in sweet comfort on her knee,
And with kind kisses wiped the tear-stained face,
Without a thought, using uncarefully
A wondrous kerchief of fine lawn and lace.
Then said the boy, "*I have not naughty been, Your hankshef vewy safe, my tears are clean.*"

VI.

"O child!" she cried, "O child! then pity me,
Mine are rebellious tears against His rod :—
Hast thou come hither with this word for me?
Lo! I submit me to a chastening God.
So innocent dear boy! yet on me lean,
For now I pray, O Christ! make my tears clean!"

—*Lillie E. Barr, in Sunday School Times.*

RESTAURANTS

which always have a crowd of patrons indicate that the proprietors have a way of serving the public which pleases, and their continued patronage shows that good reputations once established are sure to pay in the end. We commend, as we have before, the Everett's Hotel, No. 102 Vesey St., and Smith & McNell's, No. 197 Washington St., both for the general excellence of their arrrngements for food and also because the proprietors are kind-hearted men who regularly remember the House of Industry on each recurring Thanksgiving.

THE PENNY YE MEANT TO GIE.

THERE'S a funny tale of a stingy man,
Who was none too good, though he might have been worse,
Who went to his church on a Sunday night,
And carried along his well filled purse.

When the sexton came with his begging plate,
The church was but dim with the candles light;
The stingy man fumbled all through his purse,
And chose a coin by touch and not sight.

It's an odd thing, now, that guineas should be
So like unto pennies in shape and size,
"I'll give a penny," the stingy man said;
"The poor must not gifts of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring,
And back in his seat leaned the stingy man,
"The world is so full of the poor," he tho't,
"I can't help them all—I give what I can."

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,
To see the gold guinea fall in his plate;
Ha, ha! how the the stingy man's heart was wrung,
Perceiving his blunder, but just too late.

"No matter" he said; "in the Lord's account
That guinea of gold is set down to me,
They lend to Him who give to the poor,
It will not so bad an investment be."

"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton cried out,
The Lord is na cheated—He kens the well;
He knew it was only by accident
That out of thy fingers the guinea fell.

He keeps an account, na doubt, for the puire;
But in that account, He'll set down to thee
Na mair o'that golden guinea, my mon,
Than the one bare penny ye meant to gi'e!"

There's a comfort, too, in the little tale—
A serious side as well as a joke;
A comfort for all the generous poor,
In the comical words the sexton spoke.

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows
How generous we really desire to be,
And will give us credit in His account,
For all the pennies we'd like to "gi'e."

—*Selected.*

MR. N. R. DOE,

of the firm of DUDLEY, CLAPP & DOE, Nos. 15 and 16 Vesey Pier, West Washington Market, who are the principal receivers of California fruit in New York, consented to solicit for us this year among the dealers of that market and in its vicinity. He left his business, which was pressing, and with the expectation of no other reward than that which comes from having done a good deed for the poor, he gave three busy and tiresome days to the service of our little people. We have already thanked him most sincerely for his labors, and we cordially tender to those who contributed through him our hearty acknowledgements, and commend to our friends who trade in the market the inspection of this list of donors:

A.

Agg, Geo. J., bbl. turnips; Apgar & Co., bag rice; Archdeacon & Co., 2 chickens; Austin & Co., 2 chickens.

B.

Badeau, E. C. & Co., ½ bush. peanuts; Baer & Sauer, 8 cabbages; Baker & Clark, 2 shoulders; Baker, Sandford & Co., 50 lbs. rice; Banks, A. M., 2 doz. lemons; Barnett & Son, peck cranberries; Bearns, Joseph H. & Co., bag rice; Behre, A., bag flour; Bennett, A. & Co., bbl. apples; Bennett, John H. & Co., bkt. onions; Bergmann & Voege, ham; Biggs & Dunham, 4 fresh codfish; Blackwell Brothers, bbl. fine apples; Bodine & Hutcheon, bbl. apples; Bogart, S. P. & Son, turkey; Bogle & Lyles, 100 lbs. hominy; Boschen, John H. & Brother, bag meal; Bowne, Aaron, bbl. onions, bbl. turnips, and 3 turkeys; Boyce, George, 2 bkts. turnips; Bradway, H. R. & Co., 2 chickens; Brennan & Quinn, 50 oranges; Brewer, M. T., Sacramento, Cal., box California pears; Brinker

Henry & Co., bbl. turnips; Browne, A. B. & A. J., bbl. fine apples; Brower Brothers, Old English cheese, 21 lbs; Brown, Richard, 2 bbls. squash; Bruen, Andrew H., ½ peck beans; Brush, A. 4 doz. lemons and oranges; Burgher, John A., doz. scrubbing-brushes; Burkhalter, Masten & Co., bbl beans; Burroughs, Theodore, 2 bbls. squash; Butler Bros., goose; Brady, John & Co., 3 squashes.

C.

Callahan & Kemp, ham; Camp & Millemann, ham; Campbell, Eli & Son, bbl. apples; Casmus, C. T. & Son, box peanuts; Caverly & Meyer, 20 lbs. rice; Chamberlin & Hartman, chicken; Chovey, Chas. L. & Co., doz. brooms; Clayton, Z., bkt. onions, bkt. apples; Cochran, R. E. & Co., turkey; Cohen, William H. & Co., keg pickles; Combes, Henry, 6 ducks; Conlan, Michael, bbl. apples, bkt. onions; Cox, John, bkt. onions; Cornell & Moon, lamb; Curtis, R. C., 4 doz lemons and oranges.

D.

Davenport, W. J. & S. H., bkt. sweets; Dean, Mathew & Co., box raisins; De Winter & Brown, turkey; Downes, S. B. & Co., 2 turkeys; Doyle, T. L., bkt. apples; Drohan & Co., turkey; Dudley, Clapp & Doe, box California pears; Dunlap & Co., bkt. oysters; Duryea's Commission House, bbl. potatoes; Duryea, A. & A., ½ bkt. onions; Duryea, John, bbl. cauliflower, bbl. squash.

E.

Everett, S. H. & Charles, Jr., 100 loaves fresh bread; Eadie, W. R. & A. R., bbl. apples; Edgar & Dunn, bbl. turnips; Egan & O'Brien, bkt. turnips; Ege & Otis, 4 chickens; Elsey & Pope, 3 doz. eggs.

F.

Farmer & Biggs, large codfish; Ferguson & Lott, bbl. onions; Fleming, Adams & Howe, case tomatoes, box raisins; Francke, A. H., bkt. onions; Fraser & Edwards, bbl. apples; Fredricks, J. J., turkey; Friend, broom; Friend, 50 lemons; Friend, chicken; Friend, bkt. onions; Friend, bbl. apples; Friend, chicken; Friend, turkey; Friend, 4 fresh codfish; Fritz & Seinsoth, bkt. turnips; Frost, S. H & E. H., bkt. onions; Fuller, E. R., 25 oranges; Fuller & Pullen, 2 ducks; Furman, G. & Co., bbl. apples.

G.

Gallagher, John, 3 cabbages; Gallagher & Lane, bkt. apples; Gardner, Daniel L., bkt. apples; Gardner, W. L., bkt. apples; Gennerich & Hilsmann, bag prepared flour; Gentleman, J. R. & Co., bkt. apples; Gethins, Thomas, bkt. sweets; Wright Gillies & Brother, 48 lbs. coffee; Gilman, S. D., 50 oranges; Gilman, Philip, turkey; Glimm, Korner & Co., bag of rice; Goodwin, Joseph, bag flour; Goodwin & Clark, bkt. carrots; Green, Blackwell & Co., box corn candy; Green, Wm. F., bbl. apples.

H.

Hahn, Joseph, goose; Hall & Davisson, bkt. sweets; Hall & Kennell, 12 prs. men's gloves, 7 prs. men's mittens; Hardkopf, Henry, bkt. apples; Hart & Brother, salt codfish; Hartt, John W., chicken; Hawk, G. Z. & Co., 2 chickens; Hayn, John, bag flour; Hein, Henry, bkt. apples; Helfrich, Charles & Co., large goose; Hepp, John, bbl. lettuce; Hilliard & McMulkin, 20 lbs. beef; Hills Brothers, box raisins; Hines & Mansfield, ½ bbl. sweets; Howard, W. K. & Co., bbl. apples; Hunt & Pennewill, turkey; Hunt & Voorhees, turkey; Hyatt & Mount, bag meal; Hait, Seymour, bunch banannas.

I.

Idell, C. W., box grapes; Ingbee, Lewis & Co., chicken.

J.

Jelliffe, Wright, Hoag & Co., 26 lbs. veal; Jewell, C. S. & Co., duck; Jimeson, C. W., bbl. apples; Johnson, J. M. & Co., pkg. tea; Johnson, W., bbl. onions; Judd, Geo. W., 2 chickens, bbl. apples; Judge, James A., bkt. onions.

K.

Kemp, Day & Co., pail mince meat; Kilby, Eben & Sons, bbl. apples; Kimball, T. C., bbl. fine apples; Knapp & Van Nostrand, turkey; Knight, C., bkt. turnips.

L.

Lawless, Peter & Thomas, bkt. onions; Leifried, G. W., 4 lbs. butter; Levick & McCarren, bkt carrots; Lichtenstein, S. & Co., bkt. vegetables; Long, S. S. & Brother, 100 lbs. turkeys; Long, Thos., bkt apples; Loomis, E. P. & N. H. bbl. apples; Loomis, M. A., bbl. apples; Lowery, John & Co., bkt. carrots; Luther Brothers, 1½ bush. beans; Luther, L. M. & Co., large box raisins; Lyle & Dunlop, bbl. apples; Lyon, Wm. E. & Son, box raisins; Lyons, Levy L., chicken.

M.

Mahr, John C. & Bro., 2 doz. eggs; Malloy, T. C., bbl. apples; Maloney & Williams, 2 bkts. turnips; Mandle, M., liver; Mann, Geo. W., bag table salt; Matheson, J. C. & Co., bbl. turnips, 5 pumpkins; Mathews, T. G. & Co., bag meal; Mattfeld, H. & Co., bkt. turnips; Maxfield & Co., box raisins; Maynard, F. S., box raisins, McCarren, Hugh, bkt. turnips; McCarren, John, bbl. turnips; McCarren, W. & Bro., bbl. turnips; McDougall, S., 2 turkeys; McEntee, Philip & Co., bbl. turnips; McEvoy, T. & Sons, bkt. turnips; McIntyre & Van Arsdale, bbl. onions; McLaren & Raynor, shoulder; Meehan, Patrick, bbl. turnips, bbl. spinnach; Meinikheim, T. L., bbl. spinnach; Meredith, W. W., turkey; Merseles, P. & Co., 2 chickens; Mesigh, Francis L., 5 doz eggs; Meyers & Alley, bbl. apples; Millemann, J. F. & Co., shoulder; Mills & Everett, crate cranberries; Monyea, Joseph, bbl. potatoes, 2 bush. sweets; Moore, John P., bbl. turnips; Moore, J. J. & Co., bkt. onions; Morgan, James K., bag oat meal; Morris, Z. A. & Co., bbl. oysters; Mount & Tull, 2 turkeys; Mowbray, R. & J., 2 dishpans, 1 dipper, 2 soup spoons; Mulcox, Muller & Haight, box raisins; Mullany, O., 10 cabbages; Myers & Underhill, bag meal.

N.

Nash & Whiton, large sack fine salt; Nathan & Barnett, bbl. turnips, bbl. apples; Nix, John & Co., bbl. onions, bbl. apples.

O.

O'Brien, M. & Son, bkt. vegetables; O'Connor & Judge, bbl. turnips; Odell, Benjamin & Bro., 5 lbs. coffee; Offenheiser, C., 3 ducks; Offerman, H., ½ bush. beans; Osborn, Abner & Son, ham.

P.

Packer & Weber, 2 chickens; Page, John B. & Son, bbl. apples; Palmer, G. S., bkt. turnips; Palmer, J. H. & Co., bbl. apples; Parker & Gemmel, bag rice; Parker, Jackson & Co., 2 chickens; Parsons, Charles & Sons, bkt. beans; Perrine & Bennett; 2 chickens; Pesinger, Geo. W. & Co., 25 lbs. beef; Pinniger, H. W. & Co., 5 lbs. coffee; Pope, John H. & Co., bbl. turnips; Pote, Samuel J. & Son, bkt. turnips; Potter, I. T., salt codfish; Potter, V. & Co., chicken; Philip Pye, bkt. turnips.

R.

Rathbun Bros., bunch bannanas; Rathgeber & Co., bbl. turnips; Reineke, Henry & Co., bkt. vegetables; Roberts, Carlile & Co., ham; Robinson, R. W. & Son, 6 lbs. tapioca; Rogers, E. H., lamb; Rogers, T. P. & Son, ½ bbl. vinegar; Romain, John, 12 cans peaches; Romer & See, 100 lbs. meal; Rittenhouse & Hance, turkey; Richardson, J. Smith, turkey; Richardson, Jas. & Co., ham; Russell, S. B. & Co., turkey; Rutherford, J. E. & Co., bkt. onions; Ryer, T. & D. G., bbl. apples

S.

Sander, Jacob C., bbl. turnips; Schofield, L. V. & Co., 2 large codfish; Schumann & Behrman, 1½ bush. beans; Seligmann Bros., ½ bush. nuts; Selover, F. S. & Co., doz. scrubbing brushes; Simmons, W. H. & Co., bbl. parsnips, 3 pumpkins, cabbage; Smith, Philip, bkt. apples; Snyder, Chas. N., bbl. squash; Snyder, G. M., case grapes, bbl. apples; Snyder, W. L. & Co., bbl. apples; Sonn Brothers, large sack salt; Starin, D. D., bbl. apples; Stewart, A. & Son, bbl. apples; Stout, John W., 2 cans corn, 2 cans tomatoes; Strang, John L., lamb; Sullivan & Lowery, bkt. cabbage; Sutherland, A. L., 8 lb. goose.

T.

Thorley, Thomas, 4 chickens; Thorn & Co., 6 lbs. honey; Thurston & Moore, lamb; Tilton, E., 2 doz. oranges; Titus Bros., 35 lbs. poultry; Travis, M. & Co., chicken.

V.

Valentine & Gilders'eeve, chicken; Van Horn, G. C. & Co., chicken; Van Huysen, J., chicken; Van Neste, J. L. & Co., turkey; Van Nuyse, S. C. & Co., bkt. potatoes, bkt. parsnips; Vanpelt, T. E., bkt. onions; Vars & Company, 4 large codfish; Vermilyea, Richard H., bbl. apples; Vogel & Brautigam, turkey; Voss & Johnson, bkt. apples.

W.

Waddy & Co., bkt. oysters; Wadsworth, C. H. & Co., bbl. apples; Wallace, E. A., lamb; Walling, W. E., ½ bbl. apples; Wanser, J. P. & Co.; bbl. fine apples; Weber, Charles, bkt. apples; Wellinghoff, Martin, bbl. turnips; White & Wilsea, bbl. fine apples; Willits & Co., bbl. apples; Winkelman & Bush, 2 chickens; Wilson, D. H. & Co., doz. scrubbing brushes; Wilson Packing Company, 24 lbs. cooked beef; Wittschen & Co., bkt. sweets; Woolley & Newton, bbl. squash; Wright, J. H. & Co., bbl. apples; Wygant, Edwin, 10 lbs. rice. Young, Daniel R. & Co., meat.

CASH DONATIONS.

S. H. & Charles Everett, Jr., $10; Smith & McNell, $5; A. Close, $2; Worth & Durell, $2, C. H. Taylor, $2; George W. Welsh, $2; C. A. Foster, $1; Friend, $1; H. C. Furman, $1; J. Levy, $1; John Pickney, $1; F. A. Wilkisson & Son, $1; Wm. Spring Haynes, 75 cts.; Owen Brennan, 50 cts.; A. Dorsett, 50 cts.; B. Kasner, 50 cts.; B. Meehan, 50 cts.; Andrew Spring, 50 cts; Watson & Pierce, 50 cts.; N. M. Sheppard, 25 cts.; G. W. Carpenter & Co., 25 cts.; Geo. Parker 25 cts.

We desire to acknowledge our indebtedness also to the following named hotels and restaurants for their liberal responses to our appeal. The cooked food which they sent was most thoroughly appreciated and very helpful:

Ashland House, 4 turkeys; Astor House, 4 turkeys; Brevoort House, 4 large turkeys; Brunswick Hotel, large turkey, ¼ lamb, 8 loaves bread, and 12 boxes French crackers; Caryl & Woolley, 55 Bowery, 30 lbs. roast chicken, 23 lbs. roast turkey, 15 lbs. roast goose, 6 pies, and 4 loaves bread; Crook's Hotel, 25 lbs. roast beef; Fifth Ave. Hotel, 3 turkeys, 3 chickens, and 12 loaves bread; French's Hotel, 10 chickens; Gilsey House, 2 turkeys, 2 tongues, and a ham; Grand Hotel, 4 turkeys, 4 chickens, 4 pies, and 2 large meat pies; Grand Central Hotel, 3 large turkeys; Leggett's Hotel, 15 lbs. corned beef, 1 turkey, and 4 loaves bread; Noakes' Hotel, turkey and 4 chickens; Rossmore Hotel, 4 large turkeys; St. Cloud Hotel, large turkey; St. Nicholas Hotel, 9 chickens; Sweet's Restaurant, turkey; Sturtevant House, 8 roast ducks, ½ bbl. soda crackers, ½ bbl. apples; Union League, 9 large roast turkeys; Windsor House, 8 roast chickens.

Money Received for Record, from Nov. 1 to Dec. 1, 1876.

Babcock, H. S.....$1 00
Brinckerhoff, Mrs. W. C., Westport, Ct... 1 00
Hawks, Sarah A.....N..... 1 00
Logan, Mrs. Mary C., Jersey City 1 00
Madison, Miss Mary M., Chicago, Ill.....$2 00
Swan, Nancy, Clayville, N. Y..... 1 00
White, V. May, Roselle, N. J..... 1 00

Money Received from Nov. 1 to Dec. 1, 1876.

"Blessed is the man that considereth the poor; the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble."

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord."

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

☞ By request of some of our contributors, we have adopted the plan of not publishing the names of many of our donors, because of the annoyance to which some of our friends have been subjected by parties copying our list, and then making appeals. All contributions not acknowledged in the RECORD have been by note, and we shall be obliged if any of our contributors, who have failed to receive an acknowledgment, will inform us.

A.

Abbatt, Mrs. I., $1; Abbatt, W., $1; Ackerman, G. B., $1; Alvord, C. F., $5; Appleton, J. A., $5; Armstrong, Wm., $5; Ayres, Carlton, $5.

B.

Baldwin, J. S., $5; Baldwin, M. G., $5; Barton, O. G., $3; Barton, Mrs. Wm., $5; Bates, D. H., $5; Bedell, Rt. Rev, Bishop G. T., Ohio, $25; Benary, Henry, $2; Benner, R., $5; Berdan, Mrs. S. C., Roselle, N. J., $5; Bird. Matthew, $5; Bliss, Morton & Co., $5; Brooklyn, $2; Bogart, O. M. & Co., $5; Brooks & Co., $5; Brown, Addison, $1; Brown, T. Bergh, $5; Burrows, F. E., $1; Busy Bees Sewing Society, $5; Butterfield, Mrs., $5.

C.

C. A. S., $5; C. B., Jr., $5; C. C. B., $5; C. S. H., $5; Calman, Emil, $5; Carey, S. W., $5; Carpenter, Oliver, $5; Cartwright. D. G., $1; Cash, by 62 donors, $133.35; Cash accompanied by masonic circular, $1; Cash, Providence, R. I., $2; Caswell, E. A., $5; Christern, F. W., $5; Clark, B. S., $5; Clark, Mrs., Brooklyn, $25; Clark, W. N., $5; Colgate, A. W., $5; Collected by N. R. Doe in West Washington Market and vicinity, and the names published on page 130, $33.62; Collection in Chapel Thanksgiving-day, $52.10; Cooper, Miss Mabel E., Bennington, Vt., $2; Corning, Jasper E., $1.50; Craig, Wm., Port Hope, Ca., $5; Currie, R. P., $1; Curtis, B. D., $2; Cutler, R. L., $5.

D.

Davis, Noah, $5; Day, Walter De F. M. D., $5; Devil's Own, 10 cts.; Dickinson, J. C., $5; Dodge, Wm. E., $5; Donaldson Bros., $5; Downing, Miss, $5; Draper & Owen, $5; Drown, W. A. & Co., $5.

E.

E. G. N., $10; E. & F., little boy and girl, $2; Eagle, Mrs. Com., $2; Eaton, Cole, & Burnham Co., $2; Ellis, Knapp & Co., $2, Ellsworth, E., $5; Esher, Wm. R., $5.

F.

F., a mite, $1; F. J., $5; Fadbri, E, G., $5; Five, for current expenses, $50; Five square meals, $5; Forster, Ludlow, & Co., $5; Friend, $10; Friend, $6; Friend, $2; Friends $1 each, $5; Friend C. $3 Friend, through Mrs. Geo. F. Betts, $5; Friends, through Mr. Camp's office, $7.

G.

G. E. M., for Thanksgiving dinner, $5; G. N. L., $5; Garth, D. C., $5; Gibson, Wm., $5; Griffin, C. F $5.

H.

H. C., $5; H W., $1; Haight, Chas. & Co., $5, Hall, Mrs. E. C., $5; Hall, Miss M. J., $5; Harris, Mr. P., $2; Hatch, E. S., $1; Hawks, Amanda E., $5; Hawks, Sarah A., $5; Haydock, R. & Bro., $5; Henle, F., $5; Horn, Miss Mary Thurston, $5; Hotchkiss, Mr. E., children of Brooklyn, $2; Hotchkiss, Russell, $2; Howard, J. B., $3; Hunt, E. S., Lowell, Mass., $5.

I.

In His name, Windsor Locke, Ct., $10; In express bundle, $1.

J.

J. J. L., $5; J. K. I., $5; J. T. V. R., $5; J. T. S., $5; J. W. C., $1; Johnston, Mrs. M., $5; Jung, T C., Brooklyn, $25

K.

Kennedy, R., $5; Ketcham, C. A., $1; Kiggins, Tooker & Co., $5; King, Wm., $5; Knox, G. L., $1, Kissam, R., $5; Knevals, S W., $5; Kydd, James T., $2.

L.

L. S. W., Christian Union office, $1; Landon, T. H., $5; Lawrence, Augusta K., New Boston, N. H., $1.50; Lewis Bros. & Co., $5; Little Aimee, $1; Livingston Bros., $5; Lozano, Pendas & Co., $1.

M.

M. W., $1; Mack, J. W., $2; Macy, Robert, $5; Metcalf, Mrs. John T., $5; Miller, John, $5; Miller, Mrs. E. P., $2; Mills, Andrew, $5; Minturn, A. M., $5; Mortimer, Richard, $5; Mulford, Cary & Conklin, $2; Munn, O. D., $5.

N.

Nichols, J. P., $5; Novelty Manufacturing Co., $3.

O.

Offering of S. S. Chapel of Epiphany, Allendale, N. J., $5.35; Ogden, J., $5; Olney, P. B., $5; Owen, Alfred, $1.

P.

Parsons, Jessie, Cadet, Mo., $1; Peck, C. C., $5; Peck & Snyder, $1; Pelton, J. M., $5; Percival, J. H., $5; Perkins & Goodwin, $5; Pope, James, $10.

R.

R. J., $5; R. P., $5; Ranken, Rev. E. E., Fairfield, Ct., $10; Redfield, Mrs. W. C., $5; Redington, E. C. & C. D., $5; Robbins, A. S., $5, Robinson, Mrs. M., Kittaning, Pa., $2; Roe, Livingston, $5; Ropes, Ripley, Brooklyn, $5; Ruland, M. A., $5; Russell, Mrs. E. R., Montague, Mass., $2.

S.

Scott, James, $1; Sears, Geo. E., $5; Sexton, A. W., $1; Schiefflin, James L., $5; Schram, Nellie, and James, Isabel, $1.50; Simpson, Ed. Jr., $2; Sistare, Geo. K., $5; Smith, H. E., $5; Smith, Jennie and Maud, $1; Smith, L. B., $5; Smith, Mrs. De Forest, West Goshen, Ct., $1; Smith, Warren G., $10; Stamford Mfg. Co., $2; Stearns, Mrs. S. C., $3; Stewart, T. B. & Co., $5; Story, John M., $10; Sunday collections, Nov. 5th, $13.58; 12th, $11; 19th, $1.60; 26th; $6.39; Sunday Eve. Reading Circle, Tarrytown, N. Y., $1; Sunday School, 1st Cong. Church., Monctlair, N. J., $20; Sweet, Edward, $5.

T.

T. L. N.; $15; Thackray, R., $1; Thorburn, J. M., $2; Thornell, H. K., $3; Thornell, T. L., $2; Tithes, Somerville, N. J., 75 cts.; Townsend, Mrs. Wm. Hawxhurst, $5; Tucker & Lightbourne, $5; Turner, J., $1; Turnbull, W. & Co., $5; Union Thanksgiving Service, Vineland, N. J., $12. Untermeyer, D., $5.

V.

V. B., $5; Van Antwerp, Mrs., $5; Van Cise, J. G., $5; Van Valkenburg, D. E., $5; Vilas, R. C., $5; Visitor, for sick children, $2.

W.

W., $5; W. M., Jr., $10; Wallace, Miss. I., $2; Weaver & Sterry, $5; Wendt, Bernhard F. $5; Wheeler, Mrs. J. W., $5; White, V. May, Roselle, N. J., $1; Whitney, A. R., $5; Whitney, J. W., $10; Wickham, D. H., $5; Wilde, S. & Sons, $5; Williams, W., $5; Wilmerding, Hoguet & Co., $5; Winslow & White, $2.

Y.

Young men of Bauendahl & Co., through Wm. H. Marvin, $4.50. 18 South Street. $2

Donations of Food, Clothing, etc., from Nov. 1 to Dec 5, 1876.

A.

Acker, Merrill & Condit, bbl. meat, cheese, potatoes, etc.; Aitken, Son & Co., 2 yds. satin for boys' bows; Alexander Bros., 2 bxs. stockings; Atwood, Mertie, (age 8) New Boston, N. H., pr. drawers, pr. stockings, and an apron, all made by herself.

B.

Babbitt, B. T., box Best soap; Baker & Clarke, bbl. hominy, bbl. herrings, 17 lbs. poultry; Banks, Mrs. I. M., trunk of clothing; Barker, Dr. Fordyce, bbl. apples, Baron, Mr. 4 brooms; Benner, John & Co., pkg. coffee; Bergen, Mrs. pkg. clothing; Blanke, Geo. C., toys, books, flowers, etc., for hospital children; Brunt, Miss Carrie, Harlem, pkg clothing; Bogart, Mrs. E. C., pkg. clothing; Brinckeroff, Mrs. W. C., Westport, Ct., 2 bbls. apples; Brown, E. S., pkg. clothing; Bryant, Wm C. & Co., bill for printing Thanksgiving circulars $17.60; Butler & Johnson, bill of paper for Thanksgiving circulars, $15.75; Burdock, 2 pkgs. shoes, bbl. clothing.

C.

C. G. H., pkg. clothing; Cassidy & Co., chest tea; Chafee, Miss Pollie, Coventry Depot, Ct., bbl. clothing; Clark, G. T., Brooklyn, 166 lbs. coffee, Cone, Mrs. W. E. and friends, Moodus, Ct., bbl. clothing; Converse Mrs. P. S., Westboro, Mass., bbl. clothing; Craig, Miss S. J., 218 yds. new unbleached muslin; Crane, Mrs. Thomas, pkg. clothing

D.

Devereux, Mrs. H. T., Preston Hollow, Albany, N. Y., 2 bbls. apples.

E.

Eagle, Mrs. Com., pkg. clothing; Ellis, Miss, 3 pkgs. clothing; Ellsworth, Mary A., West Hartford, Ct., 6 flannel skirts, 3 chemises, 3 prs. drawers, and second-hand clothing.

F.

Fanshawe, Mrs., box clothing; Fleming, Mr., case canned peaches, 60 lbs. coffee; Friend, pkg. clothing; Friend, pkg. clothing;, Friend, pkg. clothing; Friend, 3 doz. felt hats, 2 pieces ribbon; Friend, bbl. turnips; Friend, Ovid, N. Y., box clothing; Friends, Coila, N. Y., bbl. clothing; Friends, Amherst, Mass., 2 bbls. clothing.

G.

Gelston, John, 2 chickens, 2 turkeys; Gowdy, Mrs. Wm. E., Newark, N. J., pkg. clothing; Gould J. & Sons, 6 lbs. tea; Grinnell, Mrs., pkg. clothing.

H.

Halstead & Co., bbl. salt pork; Harris, Thos. R., bbl. soda crackers; Henle, F., pkg. clothing; Hinman, W. K., 2 turkeys; Hoppin, Mrs. H., Newport, R. I., box clothing; Humphrey, W. H., 50 bows; Hunter, W. B. & Co., chest tea, 50 lbs. currants, 66 lbs. sugar. Isaacks, Mrs. T. E., lot of clothing.

J.

Jee, Edward A., clothing and carpet; Johnson, Mrs. G. W., Brooklyn, bbl. clothing; Johnson, Rowland, 5 lbs. tea. Jones, Hattie, Clara, and Winthrop, Bloomfield, N. J., 3 loaves bread and 3 chickens. Knevals, Mr., pkg. clothing.

L.

Ladies of Montague, Mass., through Mrs. E. R. Russell, bbl. clothing; Ladies' Sewing Society of the Presbyterian Church, Clinton, N. Y., Mrs. E. E. Cook, Sec., 41¼ yds. unbleached muslin, 2 bed-quilts; 20 prs. new drawers, 15 new chemises, 13 new shirts, 14 petticoats, 12 calico dresses, 16 aprons, 1 old shirt, 5 prs. old stockings, 1 pr. slippers, 2 prs. old shoes, 1 vest, 1 old dress, 53 prs. new knit stockings, 1 cloth sacque; Lawrence, Augusta K., New Boston, N. H., box clothing; Libby, James, 300 paper collars; Lockwood, Miss Emlly J., Hinsdale, Mich., crib-quilt, pr. socks; Lockwood, Mrs. Rev. T. Le Roy, Hinsdale, Mich., box clothing; Lyon, M. W., 5 pkgs. clothing and shoes; Louazon, P., bbl. bread.

M.

Mackenzie, I. W., Blauveltville, N. Y., pkg. clothing; Merchants' Lunch, 2 bbls. bread; Miller, F. M., So. New Berlin, N. Y., bbl. potatoes; Miller, Mrs. H. B. Burdette, N. Y., box Little Bessie's clothes; Mission Band Earnest Workers, through Mrs. S. C. Berdan, Roselle, N. J., 2 bbls. clothing; Moore, Mrs. F. D., Brooklyn, lot of clothing.

N.

New York Pie Baking Co., 100 pies; Noble, Mrs. Brooklyn, pkg. clothing; No name, bbl. clothing; No name, Hampton, N. H., bbl. clothing. Olyphant, R. M. & Co., chest of tea

P.

Park & Tilford, bbl. potatoes; Paxon, Wm. & Co., 2 bbls. flour; Petrie, Miss, for little ones in nursery, lot of cake, 1 turkey, 3 aprons; Phelps, Rev. C. E., New Brunswick, N. J., bbl. turnips; Phillips, A. U., 2 pkgs. clothing; Post, Master W. Kintzung, large turkey; Powers, Gaston & Co., 214 prs. shoes; Powers, Mrs., Montclair, N. J., bbl. clothing; Proudfit, R. R., Highlands, N. Y., bbl. clothing.

R.

R., Mrs., Brooklyn, lot clothing; Randolph, T. E. F. & Co., bbl. flour; Rawlings, J. H., Gilbertsville, N. Y., bbl. potatoes; Robinson, Mrs., for school, piece calico.

S.

Shaw, Mrs. H. G. and friends, Putnam, Ct., bbl. apples, box clothing; Sewing Society of Presbyterian Church, Burdette, N. Y., Sarah Wilson, Sec., 6 quilts, 6 sheets, 4 shirts, 1 chemise, 3 drawers, 6 aprons, 2 hose, 1 pr. second-hand pants, dried apples.

T.

Titus, Mr., ½ bbl. crackers; Trask, A. G., 18 prs. new shoes, pkg. clothing; Troup, Miss, 8 prs hand-knit stockings, 13 chemises, 5 boy's shirts, 2 men's shirts, bag chestnuts; Turner, J., pkg. clothing

U.

Underwood, Mrs. Rhoda, Irvington, N. J., 10 prs. pants.

W.

Weed, Mrs., new chemise, 4 new shirts; Weston, E., Providence, Pa., pkg., clothing; Wolfe, Miss 200 mince pies; Wynkoop & Hallenbeck, bill of $3 50 for 1000 circulars

Y.

Young Girl's Society, Burdette, N. Y., Mary L. Reynolds, Pres., box clothing

7 East 32d Street, box and pkg. clothing; 23 Clinton Place, 3 bbls. bread; 72 East 35th Street, pkg. clothing; 109 East 83d Street, pkg. clothing; 222 West Street, bale of hay; 232 East 15th Street, pkg. clothing; 299 West 12th Street pkg clothing; 348 Bridge Street Brooklyn, pr pants, 2 bbls. bread.

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First Quality white, and also beautiful decorated French China. Combined Breakfast, Dinner and Tea Sets from 120 to 256 pieces, all prices.

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White Parisian Porcelain Dinner Sets, 100 pieces	$16 50
White Parisian Porcelain Tea Sets, 56 pieces	5 50
White Parisian Porcelain Toilet Sets, 11 pieces	3 45
Fine White French China Dinner Sets, 120 pieces	32 50
Fine White China Tea Sets, 56 pieces	8 50
Fine Gold Band Tea Sets, 44 pieces	9 75
China Cups and Saucers, per dozen	2 50
Goblets, per dozen....$1 Crystal, initial	3 50
Decorated Toilet Sets, 11 pieces, from	6 00
French China Dinner Plates, from	2 75

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Kitchen Outfits, from $30 00

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Silver-plated table knives	"	4 25
Handsome Castor, cut bottles	each	3 50

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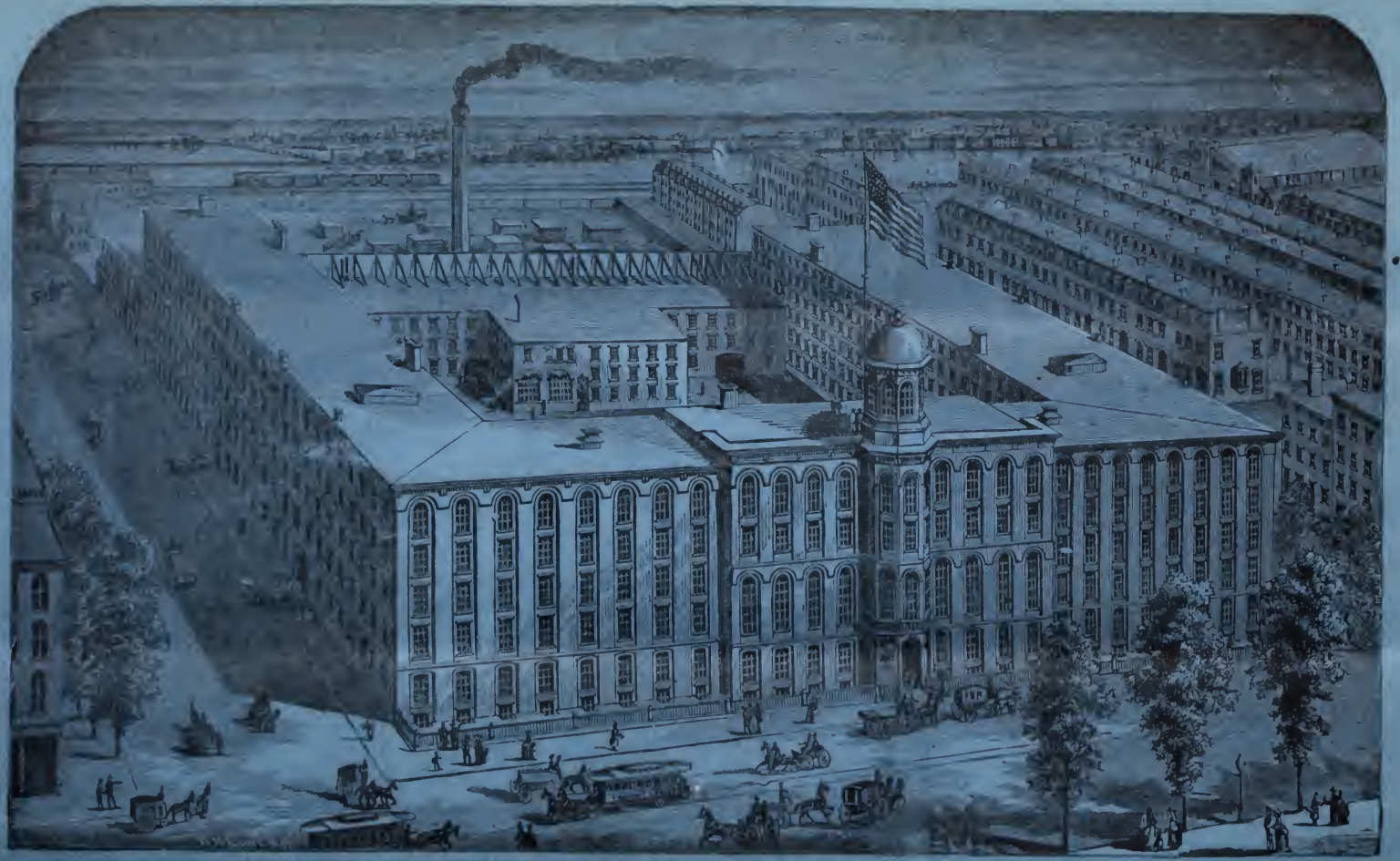

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